The Last Drink.

Dan Jones has a wife, an amiable, accomplished, and beautiful lady, who loves him devotedly, but she finds too many *bricks* in his hat. One night he came home tight, and was not very much astonished, but rather frightened, to find his worthy lady sitting up for him. She always does. She smiled when he came in. That also she always does. "You stayed out so late," she said, "that I feared you had been taken sick."

"Hic—ain't sick, wife; b-but don't you think I'm a little t-tight."

"A very little, perhaps, my dear, but that is nothing—you have so many friends, as you say, you must join them in a glass once in a while."

"Wife you're too good—the truth is, I am d-drunk."

"Oh, no, indeed, my dear—I'm sure that even another glass wouldn't hurt you. Now suppose you take a glass of Scotch ale with me, just as a night-cap, my dear?"

"You are too kind, my dear, by half; I know I'm d-drunk."

"Oh, no, only a julep too much, love, that's all?" "Well, take a glass of ale at any rate; it cannot hurt you, dear; I want one myself before I retire."

The lady hastened to open a bottle, and as she placed two tumblers before her on the side board, she put in one a very powerful emetic. Filling the glass with the foaming ale, she handed *that* one with a most bewitching smile to her husband. Suspicion came cloudily upon his mind. She had never before been so kind to him when he was drunk. He looked at the glass, raised it to his lips—then hesitated.—"Dear, wont you just taste mine, to make it sweeter?" said he.

"Certainly, love," replied the lady, taking a mouthful, which she was very careful not to swallow.

Suspicion vanished, and so did the ale, emetic, and all, down the throat of the satisfied husband. After spitting out the taste, the lady finished her glass, but seemed in no hurry to retire.

She fixed a foot-tub of water before an easy chair, for which the husband was curious to know the reason. A few minutes later, the gulp and splurge from the throat of the husband gave the answer.

The brick was gone when he rose from the easy chair, and he never after carried one home to his wife.

A Common Blunder.—It very often happens when a person is excited and wishes to utter a sentence in haste, that he 'puts the cart before the horse,' as the saying is. We heard of an amusing instance, which happened at a revival meeting at Wooster, Ohio, not many years ago. The Rev. Mr. Snyder was an enthusiastic devotee, spoke very fast and loud. Among the divines present was a Mr. Woolley, an eloquent man.

After one of the 'Songs of Zion' had been sung with an unction, the congregation instinctively kneeled, and Bro. S. sung out at the top of his lungs—'*Brother make a Woolley prayer!* Our informant says this was the first occasion and the only one on which he ever heard a burst of laughter in church.—Nevertheless, Brother Woolley made one of the most eloquent and expressive prayers on that occasion he ever heard.

☞ As the sun in all its splendor was peeping over the eastern hills, a newly married man exclaimed:

"The glory to the world is rising!"

His wife, who happened to be getting up at that moment, taking the compliment to herself, simpered:

"What would you say, my dear, if I had my new dress on?"

A Drunkard under Chloroform.

After a minute or two, shuffling of feet is heard, the folding doors are thrown open and a strong, surly-looking, bull-headed "navvy," whose legs had been smashed by a railway accident, is borne in, and gently placed on the table. His face is damp and pale,—he casts an anxious, eager look around, then with a shudder closes his eyes, and lies down on his back.

The chloroform apparatus is now applied to his mouth, and a dead silence marks the general expectancy. The man's face flushes—he struggles, and some muffled exclamations are heard. In a minute or two more, the gentlemen who has charge of the chloroform examines his eyes, touches the eye-ball—the lid winks not—the operator steps forward, and in a trice the limb is transfixed with the long bistoury. Some intelligence now animates the patient's face, which bear a look of drunken jolity. "Ha! ha, ha capital!" he shouts, evidently in imagination with his boon companions, "jolly good song, and jolly well sung! I always know'd Jem was a good 'un to chaunt! I sing! I dash my wig if I ain't as husky as a broken-winded 'os.—Well, if I must, I must, so here goes."

By this time the bone had been bared, and the operator saws, while the patient shouts,

"'Tis my delight o' a moonlight night—

who's that treading on my toe? None o' your tricks, Jem! Hold your jaw, will you! Who can sing when you're making such a blessed row? What, drunk it all! Ye greedy beggars!—I'll fight the best man among you for half a farden'!" and straightway he endeavours to hit out, narrowly missing the spectacles of a gentleman in a white cravat, who steps hastily back and exclaims,

"Hold him fast!"

The leg being now separated is placed under the table, and the arteries are tied, with some difficulty, on account of the unsteadiness of the patient, who, besides his pugnacity in general, has a quarrel with an imaginary bull-dog, which he finds it necessary to kick out of the room.

He however, recovered his good humor whilst the dressings are being applied, and is borne out of the theatre shouting, singing and anthemising in a most stentorian voice; when in bed, he falls asleep, and in twenty minutes awakes very subdued, in utter ignorance that any operation has been performed, and with only a dim recollection of being taken into the theatre, breathing something, and feeling 'wery queer," as he expresses it.

☞ Here is Fanny Fern's idea of female friendship: "Two women joining the mutual admiration off society; emptying their budget of love affairs; comparing bait to attract victims; sighing over the same rose leaf; patronizing the same milliner, and *exchanging female kisses*. Betty, hand me my fan!"

☞ About the coolest item we have ever met with is that idea of Sam Slick's, where he says "he felt a desire to take off his flesh and sit in his bones awhile, to cool himself." If anybody can report a "cooler comfort," we should be happy to hear.

☞ "Shall I cut this loin of mutton saddle-wise?' said a gentleman carving. "No," said his friend, "cut it bridle-wise, for then we may all chance to get a 'bit' in our mouths."

☞ Those foundry men can best stand the intense heat of the furnace who drink no intoxicaing liquors.

Subscribe for the "Organ".

The Fraud of Fashionable Education.—The *Southern Ladies' Companion* has a valuable article upon the education of girls, from which we extract an important passage:—"The popular fondness for numerous and showy attainments, even were the system of teaching perfect, can lead to nothing but shallowness. Take up the plan or programme of our fashionable schools, and ask yourself how could it be otherwise? Here is a four years' college course—forty months of instruction—and see what is to be learned in that brief period. Take a sample—"Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, American History, Botany, Writing, Composition, Rhetoric, Logic, Criticism, Algebra, Geometry, European History, Evidences of Christianity, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Trigonometry, Mensuration, Moral Philosophy, Latin, French, Grecian and Roman History, Astronomy, Geology, Mental Philosophy, Mineralogy, Animal Physiology, English Classics, Vegetable Physiology, Rhetorical Readings, Instrumental Music, Vocal Music, Drawing, Painting, Embroidery, Ornamental Needlework, Wax Work, Shell Work, etc. etc. etc. Here we have some twenty sciences, two languages, extensive historical readings, fine arts and sundries, some forty distinct studies to be mastered in forty months, and among them two languages, the natural, moral and exact sciences, and instrumental music. Perhaps no student ever mastered those two languages thoroughly in four years, (and Greek is often included,) and few, if any, ever become accomplished performers on the piano or harp in so short a time. But by what magic is it that girls, beginning Latin in the latter half of their junior year, and French in their senoir year, can master them before the end of the course. Pardon us for speaking plainly; but we can hardly look on this course as less than fraud. A girl studies Latin twelve or fifteen months, and French half as long—at the same time having a dozen other studies on hand—and graduates with credit, and takes her diploma as having taken the regular course—Greek, Latin, French, and all. Is not the girl cheated into the opinion that she understands the languages, of which she can know nothing of any value, and the parent cheated out of his money? Any man, capable of teaching the languages, knows that such a mere smattering as can be acquired in so short a time, can be of no value to the student; then what is the object? What can it be, if it be not to give false character to the school, and get money virtually by false pretences? Perhaps some palliation may be found in the vitiated public taste, and the false pride of parents, which leads them to seek as large a literary name as possible for their daughters, whether true or false; but this cannot, it would seem, be a full justification of trustees and teachers, who are the persons to correct those errors, rather than by bowing to strengthen them. With defective modes of teaching, and an amount of studies pressed into the course, much greater than could be compassed by the best possible teaching, it must necessarily happen that female education must be superficial, and in the same proportion inutile."

☞ The Philadelphia Sun says there are 1965 licensed places for the sale of liquor in the city and county of Philadelphia, or one for about every forty-four taxable inhabitants. Fifty dollars is paid for every license. How much must the community pay to support these nearly two thousand drinkg houses?

☞ The Paducah *Democrat* errs in ascribing the origin of Thanksgiving Day to the evacuation of New York by the British in 1783. It is of Yankee parentage, and dates back into 1622, when the Governor of the Plymouth Colony, sent out four men to kill game for a dinner of thanksgiving. Evacuation day is the 25th of November, and that anniversary is still celebrated in New York.

A Voice from the Scaffold.

Henry Dobson, aged twenty-seven, was executed at York Castle, in England, April, 1853, for the murder of Catherine Sheridan, at Wakefield.

It is a fact, which it would be well were it recorded indelibly upon every man's heart that Dobson has attributed his untimely and fearful end to indulgence in the sins of drunkenness and Sabbath-breaking.

"I have gone on," said he, "from one crime to another; but drinking and neglect of the duties of the Sabbath, were the first beginnings and foundation of all my downward career."—*Yorkshire Gaz.*

☞ A poor Irishman applied at the church-warden's office, at Manchester, for relief, and upon some doubts being expressed as to whether he was a proper object for parochial relief, he enforced his suit with much earnestness.

"Och, yer honor," said he, "sure I'd be starved long since, but for my cat."

"But for what?" asked the astonished interrogator.

"My cat sir," rejoined the Irishman.

"Your cat! how so?"

"Sure yer honor, I sould her eleven times for a sixpence a time, and she was always home before I'd get there myself."

The Grave of Silas Wright.—A correspondent who has lately visited the grave of Silas Wright, favors us with the following description of it:

"It will be remembered that the remains of Silas Wright repose not beneath his monument in Weybridge, Vt., but in Canton, N. Y. I visited his grave. The mighty statesman sleeps in a small burying ground, a little out of the village of Canton, beneath a plain marble column surrounded by an iron railing. The railing incloses a parallelogram of but ten feet by twelve. On one side of the column was this inscription:

SILAS WRIGHT,
Born May 24, 1795.
Died August 27, 1847.

On the opposite side is the following:

Erected by the Citizens of
the County of St. Lawrence.

This constitutes the whole of the lettering. Fit monument for one of surpassing genuius, yet so plain and humble in his habits. I went into a small and simple building, once his law office, but now no longer occupying its original position in the street, but standing back of a hotel, and used as an ice-house. So man and his works pass away."

☞ The gentleman who did not trust to his memory, wrote in his memorandum-book, "I must be married when I get to town." The possibility is that he recollected whether he was married or not afterwards.

☞ An Irish girl in Gotham, who plumed herself on being employed in a "genteel family," was asked the definition of the term. "Where they have two or three kinds of wine and the gentlemen swears!" was the highly satisfactory reply.

A man was arraigned before the Mayor the other day, so drunk that he could hardly see, and upon being called upon to testify as to where he got his liquor he solemnly swore that he had drank none for three days. He was committed to jail until he became sober. Comment is unnecessary.